

# AN ELEGIACK VERSE,

On the Death

Of the Pious and Profound GRAMMARIAN and RHETORICIAN,

## Mr. ELIJAH CORLET

SCHOOLMASTER of CAMBRIDGE, Who Deceased Anno Ætatis 77. Feb. 24. 1687.

ON Roman Feet my stumbling Muse declines  
To walk unto his Grave, left by her Fall  
She trespasses, in accosting of his Head  
With undeserv'd breach. In jingling Rhythme  
She thinks it not convenient to Dance  
Upon his Sacred Herse; but mournful Steps  
If Metrickally order'd, she computes  
The most becoming of this Tragick Scene.

Could Heav'n's ignific Ball (whose boundless Womb  
Millions of flaming Ætna's does ingulf)  
From Candle's dull and oleaginous  
Transfused Beams, a glowing Atom draw,  
Which might a super-added Lustre give  
Unto the conick Rayes; then might our Verse  
Swell with impreguant hopes for bringing forth  
Some rich Display of Corlet's Vertues rare.  
But this Herculean Labour forc'd we deem  
Not second to Impossibilities.  
This presses hard our tim'rous heart whence flows  
A Torrent of amazing Fears, whose Waves  
Bode Universal Deluge to that Verse  
That dares pretend to equalize his Fame.  
Creep then, poor Rhythmes, and like a timid Harp  
Encircle his rich Vault, then gently squat  
Upon his Grave the Center there proclaim  
Tho' he subside, yet his abounding Worth  
Does infinitely supersede thy Lays.

Tell to the World what Dowries Nature shew'd  
Into his large capacious Soul; almost  
Profuse in large Donations; yet kind Art  
Still adds unto the store, striving to reach  
Perfection's Top, during a mortal state.  
Sagacious Nature, provident that nought  
Of her dispensed bounty frustrate prove,  
Boyls up this Font of Learning to an head,  
Which over-topping of its Banks she glides  
Through Nature's Conduit-pipes into the Soil  
Of tender Youth, which gaping sucks it in,  
Like thirsty Stars Bright Phebus's liquid light.  
A Master of his Trade, whose Art could square  
Pillars of rooted strength whose shoulders might

A Common-Wealth uphold. Aboliab-like  
Divinely qualifi'd with curious Skill  
To carve out Temple work, and cloath the Priest  
With sacred Robes, adapted for the Use  
Of Functions so divine.

Rivers of Eloquence like Nectar flow'd  
From his Vast Ocean, where a Tully might  
Surfeit with draughts of Roman Eloquence.  
Immortal Oakes (whose golden mouth ne're blew  
A blast defil'd with indispos'd Speech)  
Suspecting his own parts, rarely pronounc'd  
His Ciceronean lines, until they touch'd  
This Lydius Lapis CORLET: then approv'd  
They're Eloquence-proof esteem'd, and challenge  
The Roman Tribe of Orators to spend  
Their subtilty, and pierce their Sides  
Into their very bottom.

Had Grecian Dialect and Roman Tongue  
Surviv'd this Age within their native Soyl,  
Endless had been their Feud; Athens and Rome  
Had set their Tully's and Demosthenes to fight  
With Swords brandish'd with shining Eloquence  
For to decide the Controverse, and prove  
To whom by right Great CORLET did pertain  
This proving unsuccessful, nought can quench  
Their flaming zeal, save by Colossus-like  
Erecting his large Statue, whose proud feet  
Might fix their Station on the Pinacles  
Of each of these Metropolies of Art.  
Nor were his Parts exclusive of his Soul  
In serving his rich Donor. No Serpent  
Bearing a fulgent Jewel in his Crest,  
While curst Poison sleeps his venom'd breast,  
But Grace the Crown of all shone like a Sun  
Fix'd in the Center of that Microcosm.  
Blown to the full, perfum'd with sacred smell  
This flower Heaven pluckt. When Nature  
Too feeble grown to bear such ponderous fruit  
Elijab's Chariot born on Seraph's wings,  
Mounts with this Treasure to the port of Bliss.

Sic maestas cecinit

NEHEMIAH WALTER.